Harold Weisberg Hyattstown, Md. 20734 7/7/66

Lady Jane Campbell
c/o The Evening Standard
47 Shoe Lane
London E.C. 4
England

Dear Lady Jane,

For several months I have been trying to locate you, as has Stephen Barber, who has been like a guardian angle with a guiding light about my book WHITEWASH; THE REPORT ON THE WARREN REPORT. Steve told me of your own suspicions and your own writing and frankly, I'd like to see what you wrote, as I believe you will be interested especially in one chapter of WHITEWASH, "The False Oswald".

Your may also perhaps be interested in knowing that you are now what it might be daring to call an imperishable part of the historic archive. I say "daring" for it is melting before my very eyes and was considerably and inexplicably diminished to begin with. If you have any interest in this, my British agent, Mr. Gordon Harbord (who was kind enough to learn for me how to address you) can show you the first of a series of magazine pieces I intend to use in another book. It is entitled "The Dubious Kennedy Inquest". But at least through the FBI's report of its interview with you and the photographer of Paris Match, you are, as of now, a presumeably permanent part of United States history. I have access to some of this archive and with this and other material plan to go forward from the present book, which also happens to be the first.

You may also be interested in a bit of ginger I today am dispatching to the editor of the Standard, inspired by Jeremy Campbell's piece printed the 29th., of which Mr. Harbord and the editor have copies.

All the correspondents are excited by my book, the editors of the publishing houses praise it, but the papers carry few stories and the book had to be a private edition. It and I, nonetheless, are what have finally broken the ice on this subject, and the book, for a private edition, is already a success in the United States. This does not mean it is even close to paying for itself. It has yet to begin to pay the printer. But is is sttracting significant attention and is selling quite well, despite its unorthodox form and relatively high price.

Especially are radio and TV paying attention to it. The reviews are grudging, but they survived the agonies of some of the editors and they are printed. More and major ones are to come. With a heavy mail, I have yet to get the first crank letter.

From what Steve told me, you already suspect much of what WHITEWASH proves. I'd be interested in hearing from you after you read it, if you'd so like (Mr. Harbord has a copy). I'd like especially to draw your attention to the doctoring of both the autopsy and the photographs. If there is any way in which you can help with this, I'd very much appreciate it.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Weisberg